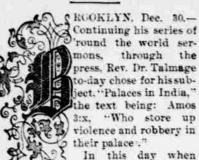
### "PALACES OF INDIA."

DR. TALMAGE ON THE THE-ORIES OF MOHAMMED.

Gon. Nicholson's Siege of the Walled City Filled with Devils-The Unequa Struggle Between Briton and Sepoy-Spread of God's Truth.



In this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I

hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "'round the world" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess-Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the rnins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces, and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips

of venerable masonry. There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing that I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run. harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my eldest sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting on the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and lour other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was and all it contained of palintended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras "Atheneum" printed this:

And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of brave men contending with well nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was surage a matter of heroics and mere tinet that we read in immortal verse

of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war ery, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was uot the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better.

The second of th

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement. I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperations of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans, who were on the outside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and wa er, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb:

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857. Aged 35 years.

With what guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in anv great battle I happen to know

was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twentyfour pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls uner the shot and shell One of the mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack: when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered that they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi aces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who has seen courage on many a battlefield, visited the Cashmere gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own

Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson. As that night we took the railroad

lives ought to be commemorated, and

hence this cenotaph. But, after all,

the best monument is the gate itself,

with the deep gouges in the brick wall

on the left side, made by two bomb-

shells, and the wall above, torn by ten

bomb-shells, and the wall on the right

side, defaced, and scraped, and

plowed, and gullied by all styles of

long reaching weaponry. Let the

words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym

for patriotism, and fearlessness, and

self sacrifice, go into all history, all

art, all literature, all time, all eter-

nity! My friends, that kind of courage

sanctified will yet take the whole

earth for God. Indeed, the mission-

aries now at Delhi, toiling amid

heathenism, and fever, and cholera,

and far away from home and comiort,

and staying there until they drop into

their graves, are just as brave in taking

Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson,

and Home, and Carmichael in taking

the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1657, which at Delhi we had been recounting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Renny, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him. their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming of the immortal Fourth column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting ear, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dream I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to praper, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the railtrain slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased: and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the

train from the Delhi station and rolled

out through the city now living, over

city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his

people moved with him.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath rooms that refresh before your feet touch the marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you can not hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing: stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and lacquer work, and mother of pearl; all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sight seer. But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of the earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disar pearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned

forever 0, wondrous India! The city

which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible: its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

#### MISCELLANEOUS PICKINGS.

There are 9,742 locks and keys in the Grand opera house, Paris.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as the hull, all of steel.

Charles McVeagh of Harpswell. Maine, lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth and holds a quintal of fish at arm's length.

A negro boy of Cherokee, Ga., who was attacked by three rattlesnakes and bitten several times, recovered within a few days.

James Foley, aged 40 years, in jail in Philadelphia, awaiting trial for kicking his mother to death, committed suicide by hanging.

Brooklyn's first newspaper was printed eighty-three years ago by Colonel Alden Spooner when the population was only 4,000 strong.

An Indian in Madera, Cal., has established a bad precedent by killing a doctor who agreed to cure his wife and did not do so, but who yet collected his fee-took the man's horse -for professional services.

In the meat shops of towns in New Mexico and Arizona the visitor from the East is apt to notice that the dressed carcasses of sheep have a tuft of wool still attached to the head and the tail. This is left by the butcher to assure the customer that it is mutton and not goat flesh that he is buying.

Waverly parish, in Surrey, objects to being swallowed up by the parish of Farnham, which surrounds it almost completely. It has only eleven householders and fifty-one inhabitants, but Walter Scott took the name of his first novel from it; it still has in Waverly abbey the ruins of a Cistercian monastery.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

A baby was born in the steerage of a returning trans-Atlantic steamer recently, and a famous advertiser who was aboard gave the parents a handsome sum of money for the privilege of naming it, but the clergyman who was called upon to perform the ceremony declined to furnish his professional aid in the advertising

#### BITS OF BANTER.

Dick-Hello, Jim. Where do you work now? Jim-Work? What yer givin' us? I don't work. I'm a plumber's helper, I am.

First Citizen-So he punched your head? Second Ditto, with his head bound up-Oh, yes, rather. First Citizen-But did nothing come of it? Second Ditto-Nothing come of it? Why, look at my head! Tommy-Paw, the teacher, told us

to-day that if a man kept on telling lies he would soon find himself stealing. Is that so? Mr. Figg-Mebbe so. Many a man has got himself into the city council by telling lies.

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." But are you sure it is genuine?" Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him with my own hands."

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothing some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity." "Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to

It was a Buffalo infant who came home from one of our model schools and was asked by his father how he was coming on. "Well," said the candid child, "Jimmy — has got shead of me in the class." "Dear, dear," says papa, "and how does that happen?" "Oh, you know his parents are very bright."

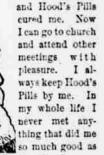
While the Philadelphia city troop was encamped at the world's fair a passing trooper was accosted by an English tourist. "Are you an English officer?" The trooper replied that he was not and mentioned his regiment, "Well," said the visitor with British contempt, "you've copied our uniform." "That's quite impossible," was the retort, "as we never saw anything of it except the coat-

of Amber is only one of the marvels ! The Unexpected Discharge of a Canno Close by would not have a more disturbing effect upon nerves which are vigorous than an erdinary noise upon these that are weak and unstrung. As a nervine, Hestetter's Stomach Bitters is unrivalled. By promoting digestion and assimilation they overcome that gastrie disorder, which is the most prolific cause of nervous debility, and which, so long as it exists, defeats in large measure the action of sedatives and opiates. Such remedies moreover, necessitate the use of increasing doses, and finally cease to act altogether, except in dangerous quantities. They never reach the fountain head of the trouble, and quiet the nerves only by semi-paralyzing them Equally objection-able are flery unmedicated alcoholic stimulants. Kidney, bladder and liver trouble, malaria, constipation and rheumatism are relieved by the Bitters, which also promotes appetite and nightly repose-

Charley (bidding good-by): I haven't the check to kiss you. Alice: Use mine.

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"I had been afflicted for several years with what the doctors called Diabetes, and suffered terribly. The pain in my back was agenizing in the extreme. Bood's Sarsaparilla



Mr. John Branston Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other.' I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer." JOHN BRANSTON, care of John Greetham, Wellington, Ohio. Get Hoop's because

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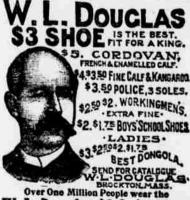


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